

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## The Man Who Quits.

The man who quits has a brain and hand as good as the next; but he lacks the sand that would make him stick with a courage stout to whatever he tackles and fight it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow that he'll soon be showing the others how; then something new strikes his roving eye, and his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him; he must find in himself the grit and vim that bring success; he can get the skill, if he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he at last gives in; hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin; the man who fails needs a better excuse than the quitter's whining, "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip, just because he's too lazy to keep his grip. The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout, while the man who quits joins the "down and out."

## THE KILLING NERVE.

Red Saunders put down the newspaper. He had been reading of a surgical operation. It seems a certain singer was much afflicted by stage fright. An Italian doctor severed a tiny nerve in the singer's nose, and high, lo, and behold! The singer, from thence, feared not an audience of any kind whatsoever.

I had commented that nerves were funny things. I quoted an early Western classic which, strange to say, was new to Red, about the man who feared rattlesnakes. The man found one at his elbow one day. He threw out his hand and jumped—  
—a cactus thorn entered his arm; he thought it the snake's fang.

Now, although he was ignorant of the effects of crotalid poisoning, he exhibited every symptom, and was likely to die until a friend extracted the cactus thorn and laughed at him, whereupon he instantly recovered.

"Is that straight talk?" said Red. "I don't know," I replied, "I read it in the paper."

"Well, I could believe it," he answered. "I've seen some funny things in the nerve line myself. One of the queerest was Bill Reeves's talk about the 'Killing Nerve.'"

This is the yarn Red unreeled: I found old Bill at the bottom of a canyon in Wyoming. He wasn't the same man as when he started from the top. The fall bent him up considerably. I had to tote him near three miles to get to his shack. Bill stood over six foot high, and when I dumped him in his bunk I began to wonder if he was worth it. Then I had to fix his busted arms and legs and things, and as there wasn't any neighbors, I had to stay right there until Bill got well.

While Bill was gettin' well, all the gentlemen he had killed used to come up and talk to him.

"That's young Bascombe," he says. "Bascombe," he whispers to me behind his hand, "he took up Jim Lawrence's quarrel. That's the feller I was tellin' you about."

"Now, Bassy," says old Bill Reeves, "you know blame well you come a huntin' me. I wouldn't have done you no harm if you just stayed in a young man's place, but when you gets a double-barrel shotgun and lays for me behind a tree—why, that's goin' too far. I just seen enough o' you stickin' out from behind that tree to shoot at, and I shot at it. That's the reason why you are where you are, Bassy, and I don't see why you come a botherin' me about it."

"What's that? Oh, no, you couldn't drive me out of no country in a million years, Bassy. I ain't the kinder person no man can hitch up and drive out of nowhere. You shouldn't have done it. You knew perfectly well I had the killin' nerve."

Right here I broke into the conversation.

"The killin' nerve?" I said, "What's that, Bill?"

Bill forgot his visitor for a minute and turned to me.

"Why, you know what is, Red," he said, "It's that nerve that when a man is crowded too hard he don't think of scrapperin' with his fists, nor of heavin' a rock at the other feller, but he wants to get hold of something of a finishing nature, like an ax or a gun or a

knife, and just plumb settle the business then and there. The killin' nerve is located in the pit of your stomach. It gives you a kinder cold, frozen feelin', or else a red-hot, dancing feelin', and when you got it good and strong there ain't no room on this earth for both you and the other fellow."

"Much obliged, Bill," I say to him. "Go on with your conversation."

So he and young Bascombe talked it out whilst I smoked cigarettes and shivered down the spine of my back and listened to the thunder moanin' in the distance and wished to God I was somewhere else.

Bill Reeves got well, and him and me used to laugh over those talks, but I never forget about the killin' nerve. It makes two different kinds of people of men.

The queerest show of this I ever bumped into was Algernon Augustus Lewis. The reason why I didn't play Al when he tore loose at me is because he was drove to it. In a funny, "longest-way-round-in-the-shortest-way-home" style. Al was forced.

The start of his trouble was his sister Petty, one of these almost-pretty girls—with black eyes that didn't mean nothin' and cheeks as red as paint—the kinder gal that looks like they have been turned out by the thousand to meet a bargain trade. You can't say these girls go wrong, nor even become wrong; and when you come right down to it, let 'em get as wrong as they can and there ain't much to it except for other people.

The most you could say for Petty Lewis was that she was female. She got stuck on Jack Folk.

Folk was a big slob. For size he almost measured in my class. He was ketcher for the baseball nine; dressed well, in a sporty fashion; wore lots of jewelry, and was a bargain trade to the lining of his heart. I never took less satisfaction in lickin' anybody than I did that man. I beat him up one night, because I come into a saloon to enjoy myself and he annoyed me by being around.

Well, this Folk party, he sashays around with the Lewis girl, and that altered things for her. Poor ganglelegged Al used to cry into his beer because his sister wasn't used right. Instead of givin' the kid a little sympathy and talkin' sense to him, the bunch of tin horns and third class mechanics he traveled with tantalized the life out of him.

The way I come to get mixed up in the play was because of George Bluggenheimer. George got it in his nut he must be sheriff.

He comes to me and tells all about it, and winds up: "Now, Red, you know I've always been a good friend of yours."

"George," I says, "I don't know nothing of the kind."

George looks terrible hurt in his feelings. "Why, Red!" says he.

Then we have an argument whether he was a good friend of mine or not. I got terrible excited; I hadn't nothin' else to do that morning. I says: "George, if you're a friend of mine, prove it."

He knocks his right fist into the flat of his left hand and he says: "All right; I will."

"George," I says, "look here! If you get to be sheriff you'll have to do my sheriffin'; can you take me in when I am raisin' hell? Why, George, you couldn't put my left hind leg in—not if it was asleep. Now, I don't want any such sheriff as that. I want a lively active sheriff, that when him and me comes together the ground trembles, the sod flies up in chunks, telegraph poles shake, clouds come over the sun, and everybody asks 'What's goin' to happen?' So now, George, if you're a friend of mine, don't run for sheriff."

But George is downcast at this, so that I have to promise I'll do my best to make a sheriff of him.

When I went into places and talked up George for sheriff everybody rocked back on their heels and said: "Ha-ha!" or "Ha-ha-ha!"

In my mad career a plantin' Bluggenheimer sheriff on the country, one night I swung into a place kept by a rat of an Englishman—one of them sly, quick, wicked little devils that's always got a corner of his mouth smirked up and loves to nip at anything that won't fight back.

That night they had all been raggin' Al plenty, and then some. Of course, I didn't know that. When I blew in all I see is just a saloon with people in it. After passing a josh or two with the bunch, I spots Al, with his long neck stickin' out and his hands in his pockets, starin' into his beer. The outfit passed me some remarks about my candidate for sheriff, and, to start a play rollin', I says: "Why, I've got the most popular man in the territory! Want to see me get a vote for Bluggenheimer? There's one right there," and I points to Lewis.

Here's another funny thing. I had no reason for that at all. You can't make me believe things ain't planned. Why should I pick out Lewis? I scarce knew him by name.

He looked up when I spoke and put a very steady eye on me. I was a kinder surprised by the strong expression of that eye. It stopped me for a minute; but I had to go on, so I walked over to him.

"Pardner," I say, "I've displayed myself in this matter. I've made my crack that I could get you to vote for Bluggenheimer. Now here's what I'll do with you. We'll play freeze-out for a stack of twenty checks; if you win, you get the money. If I clean you out, you vote for Bluggenheimer. How about it?"

He looked at me very steady again. If I hadn't been so full of this business of being merry I'd have noticed the tight lines of his face. Afterward I recalled them.

He wet his lips, slow, with his tongue. "All right," he said, "I'm with you."

We started to play. The bunch gathered 'round. I wasn't payin' much attention to anything. All I done it for was to declare my self and perhaps find a chance to get my anger in, and there's where old brother John H. Devilkins played it low down on me once more, for this gentleman across the table had a little scheme in his own mind. He was plumb desperate. They'd nagged and tormented him till the killin' nerve in his carcass was wore raw.

This night he proposed to show the people something; and, to this end, he picked the biggest thing in sight—me! That's the reason I admire and I like Al—for shootin' at me. He shot at me out of respect.

The game see-sawed back and forth, until finally little old Al looks me dead in the eye and says "Keep your hand above board—this is only a little game for fun."

There comes something like a silence in that saloon. I didn't suppose there was anybody in North America who would accuse me of cheatin' at cards. I had my faults, but that wasn't one of them. For a minute my wits went round like leaves in a whirlwind. Then I said, "What do you mean?"

He smiled a toothful smile. That is, he just drew the corners of his mouth apart so his teeth showed.

"I don't like a man to play his cards below the table," he said.

I reared up. Lewis unlimbered. He was all ready—had the gun tucked loose in the waistband of his trousers. Blam! she says, right in my face. How he could miss at that range was a mystery.

The only iron I had on me was a pocket knife, so I picked up the table and patted Al on the head with it.

It split, and Al, he didn't say nothin' but just laid there.

I felt sure he must have a hole in me. Whilst they poured water on Al I searched my system for the hole. I couldn't locate any perforation. "Funny," thinks I. "Must be a new kind of painless and holeless gun practise."

My mug was black with powder, that's all. Then, whilst they were still busy bringin' Al to, I took a look at the plaster behind me. There wasn't any hole in the plaster, neither!

"This is a queer play!" I thinks to myself. "There's something more in this man meets the eye!"

By and by Al gurgled a little and began noicin' things around him. I threw a drink into him and led him into a card room, where we would have a private talk.

"Now, young feller," I says, "dig up. What is this game, anyhow?"

I hadn't improved his appearance none by raisin' a bump two inches high on his cupola, but there was something in his eye that held me.

"I didn't aim to hurt you any, Red," he said. And that Adam's apple of his began to bob up and down. Then, all of a sudden, he started to cry.

"Well, Moses and Pharaoh's only child!" I said. "What kind of foolishness is loose?" I patted him on the back and says: "Cheer up, son, there ain't no real harm done. What was it all about?"

So then he tells me about it.

"Red," says he, "they've been a pesterin' me for weeks and weeks along of Petty and other things. Petty, that's the worst. I low I ort to done sumpin' to Folk—but—I dunno, I don't seem to swing that way. But it's time somebody got hurt—such dirt ortent go free. I ain't much use nobow, and I'm tellin' you the life's been tormented out of me. So I got plannin' how to finish with a good rep. I didn't want to pass out and have the boys say 'Yah! Couldn't stand the gaff, so he cashed in.' No, I didn't want that. I wanted 'em to remember me kind, even if I was no good."

"How to break away decent, that was the puzzle. Well, there was three of you I knew would put me out quick if I made a wrong move at you."

"Yes?" says I, getting more interested.

"Yes," says he. "You and Carley and Antelope Jenkins."

"Well?" I asked him.

He put his head on his arms and bellered for a minute, then he lifted his head and looked me full in the face.

"Don't think for a moment I tried to harm you, Red," he says. "It was only that I'd rather have you kill me than anybody else. The shot I fired at you was a blank cartridge."

"What!" says I, realizin' he'd told the truth. He wagged his poor old head.

"Just that," he says. "I let drive at you with a blank, feelin' sure you'd put me out of my misery."

I got a sort of strangled feeling. It was kinder sad about that poor sucker. He reached out his hand to me. "You'll forgive me, won't you?" he said.

"I'll see that, and raise you a few," I answered him.

"Al, I don't like Mr. Jack Folk any more than an Irishman likes the 12th of July. You just sit still a minute."

So I hot footed it to get ahold of brother Folk.

I found him in Tobie's place doin' the high-chested act—the "Come on boys, everybody drink with me; you know who I am!" proposition.

"Why, you misbegotten son of a cross-eyed idiot!" I say, "What do you mean? Get your hoofs under you."

He come up all atremble, apoloizin' on the way.

"You know what you're goin' to do next?" I says.

"No," he stutters.

"You're goin' to marry Petty Lewis."

Folk jerked away from me. I had Al's gun, with three good cartridges in it.

"I'll be damned if I am," says Folk.

"You'll be dead if you don't," I say, and I shoved the gun down his throat and threw my eye over the house.

"Now, Mr. Jack Folk, right before all these gents you promise to marry Petty Lewis before tomorrow is out. All in favor of the movement will signify by winking the right eye. Wink, you bun!"

He winked.

The rest all hollered "Aye!"

"Good!" says I, and kicked him through the door. "Now, boys," I says, "that's over. Let's have a cheerful little drink all around."

We had the little drink. I made as if to leave, and then turns and says very serious:

"We won't have such dirty doin's when George Bluggenheimer is Sheriff."

They all come back at me aflyin'.

"That's what we won't, Red!" says they.

So Petty Lewis got married and George was elected by a majority of five hundred, because poor old gangle-legged, Adam's-apple Al

had his killin' nerve located in such a funny place, and nobody ever asked what became of that bullet.—  
Henry Wallace Phillips in *Munsey's*.

## SWAM ACROSS THE HUDSON

At the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, which, by the way, is the only self-supporting deaf-mute organization in New York, which maintains handsome club rooms the year around, recently the conversation among several members reverted to sea-resorts and sea-bathing, and finally to boating, fishing and swimming. Several interesting narratives were told of deaf-mutes who made swimming feats, among others that of Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, who, several years ago, at the risk of his life, saved a man at Asbury Park, N. J. It was more remarkable on account of the fact that he is deaf.

There were thousand people watching the drowning man, but none dared to attempt the daring rescue that Mr. Frankenheim achieved.

I believe that many have swam across the Hudson River; perhaps a longer distance than the undersigned, if so, a chronicle in the JOURNAL would interest readers.

It was on my 21st birthday, and as like all other conceited youths, just turned to manhood, I considered it a marvelous feat to do the trick.

At the time, the High Class boys at Fanwood owned a boat, which some styled a barge, as it was a four-oared boat, and contained room for about sixteen.

The day was a lovely rare day in June—the 23d to be exact.

With a party of five I suggested the idea of swimming across the Hudson from the Institution dock at the foot of West 163d Street, New York, to Fort Lee, N. J., just opposite, but wiser heads than mine said it "couldn't be done," as the tide was running very rapidly, so it was suggested to row up to Washington Point and start from there.

After some parley (in signs of course) the suggestion was adopted. Ordinarily we could cross the Hudson in the boat in less than half hour, and with good rowers in even less time.

On this occasion, of course, it took considerably more time, as my progress in swimming against the running tide was very slow. What seemed easy at first soon became a very difficult task, and three times the effort was nearly given up, as the men at the oars, who were following me in the boat, were losing patience.

But as I considered it the triumph of my life to do the trick, I implored them, nay, prayed and begged them to keep it up.

It took over two hours, and the distance was about seven miles from Washington Point on the New York side to a mile or so below Pleasant Valley.

When just about one hundred yards or so from the shore, lo, a severe cramp seized me all of a sudden, and if the boat—the "Evangeline"—had not been near, for me to get a hold of, I would have sunk then and there, but not been drowned, as one of the party was attired in bathing suit and the water at this point was no more than three feet or thereabout deep.

After being taken aboard the boat I recovered immediately, and would have jumped in and continued and reached shore, but my companions refused to permit me, as there was no landing place, besides the water at this place was very muddy, and all considered the feat accomplished, as the shore was only within a stone's throw.

I have not attempted to swim at long distances since, and why it is so I don't know.

Perhaps my first long distance swim cured me of any desire to repeat.

A. QUAD.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.

Address all mail to  
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## SIX YEAR OLD INTERPRETER.

It is nothing new for six-year-old Josephine Morris to act the interpreter for her deaf-mute parents, as she did in the City Hall police station Wednesday, where a misunderstanding between Endless Morris and his wife ended happily with a kiss all around.

With only Josephine as a friendly beam through the black isolation of their silence, the couple returned to their home, 8614 Lyons Ave., after Magistrate Meckley discharged Morris. The man had been arrested on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife. The little girl is the youngest interpreter who has ever been in court.

"And if it hadn't been for me," said Josephine to-day, "my mother wouldn't have known a thing of what went on. Nor my father either," she added. "It's good I can hear, ain't it?"

When she saw that her mother was hanging hungrily on her words without understanding them, Josephine translated. She lifted her round, little arms in mystic gestures. She bent her stubby, dimpled fingers into signs. Pursing her red lips she uttered hoarse, croaking syllables, that made her mother nod vehemently. And finally, to clarify things, she tapped her little forehead significantly, "know, know, know," she chanted. And the deaf woman smiled happily with the wistful straining eased for a moment on her face.

It is always Josephine who receives the visitors at Lyons Ave. The house is one of a row which skirts the wilderness, and is furnished inside with the bare necessities of life—no more. The place at 14 is conspicuous for a wicket gate which keeps Eugene, a husky two-year-old, from rolling down the steps. Like Josephine, the youngster is perfectly normal. He is beginning to help his mother, too, for the approach of a hunkster or ice man sends Eugene pounding indoors to clutch at her skirts.

"Ice-apples-ten cents," he is just able to lip. The children resemble each other, with their cheeks of hair like corn-silk, brown eyes, and smooth, rosy cheeks. Josephine's face is pointed piquantly, and her laugh reveals two rows of baby teeth.

"You'll have to tell me everything," she explains when she opens the door, "because my mother is deaf. She don't talk very well."

If the little girl's interpretation is sufficient to coax Mrs. Morris from the shadows. She stands revealed a thin, meagre little woman, with sunken temples and a mass of black hair knotted tightly at the top of her head. Occasionally she supplements Josephine's explanations with guttural cries, and when they are not understood, she strikes her chest with her hands.

## BOATS SPLIT FAMILY.

"My mother is trying to say that boats were the cause of the trouble," Josephine explained. "My father is crazy about them, and he wanted to buy a motor boat instead of paying the bills. He's always buying books like these"—she pointed to four volumes on the construction of motor boats—"and my mother got mad."

In a torrent of words which none but Josephine could understand, Mrs. Morris explained that the fifteen dollars weekly her husband earns as a boat builder at Essington, is not sufficient for the family, because he does not work in winter.

Feeling that she had done full duty as an interpreter, Josephine skipped off to play with her doll and Teddy Bear. But that did not content Mrs. Morris. She wanted to show how the quarrel with her husband had happened, so she brought in a broken-backed chair and acted the scene graphically, ending with dolorous outcries.

"She says that her back still hurts where my father hit her," Josephine interpreted. The little girl has acquired a slightly strained expression from the continuous study of her mother's lips. As far back as she can remember, Josephine says, she has known the sign language. Her mother spelt the alphabet into her hand when she was a year old, and she had never had the least difficulty in understanding it.

Occasionally Josephine gets cross

when the translation keeps her from play, and then Mrs. Morris must resort to pencil and paper. Through this medium the woman explained that she and her husband had formerly been at the Mt. Airy Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. They were the only afflicted members in two normal families, and their marriage was approved by the Institute authorities. The ceremony took place nine years ago.

The first words Josephine learned were in sign language. Her mother taught her to wiggle her fingers from her chin in the mute sign which means "mother," and from the forehead which means "father." The little girl transacts all the family business, and accompanies her mother everywhere.

"I don't know how I will get along next fall when she goes to school," Mrs. Morris wrote, "but I will do the best I can. I try to give my husband good advice all the time, but his temper gets the best of him. I don't like him to beat me and be rough. But I have forgiven him and he has come back, so we are all happy."

She spoke to Josephine. "Happy?" repeated the girl, hugging her Teddy bear and keeping vigilant eyes upon her mother's lips. "Yes, who's happier than us?"—*Phila. Bulletin, July 28.*

The *Typographical Journal* contains the following, printed under a half-tone picture of two deaf printers, photographed at Miami, Florida:—

"The picture herewith of two members of No. 430, was taken at Ocean Beach by the writer a few days ago while all three were enjoying a 'rest.' On the right is Chester Erwin, linotype operator on the *Herald*, and on the left is John Randolph Quarles, adman on the *Metropolis*, both of them experts in their particular line. They are well known all over Miami from the fact that they are both 'mutes,' and whenever seen together are generally carrying on an industrious conversation with the usual pantomimic signs. Both men are veritable 'water dogs' and lose no opportunity for a trip to the beach and a plunge in the surf. Chester Erwin originally saw the light of day at Madisonville, Ky. Sickness caused the loss of hearing and speech when a boy. He went to the school for deaf in Danville, Ky., and learned the printer's trade there. After working in several of the country towns, he joined the union in Louisville in 1906, and has been a continuous member ever since. John Randolph Quarles was born in Pittsview, Ala., in 1881, and went to school at Talladega for eleven years, and when through with school worked in the small towns until in 1906 he joined the union in Rome, Ga.

## Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.  
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

## St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge.

Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.

## JULY

Services will be held at the Chapel of Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Hefflon will visit Boston and Revere Beach from July 22d to 30th. The fifth Sunday, July 30th, the service will be at the chapel room of the Mother's Rest Cottage, at Oak Island Station, Revere Beach, at 11 A.M.

NOTE—Services will be omitted during August.

Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, Lay-Missionary, 89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.



NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1916.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves.  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

[The communication from Dr. Cloud anent the National Association Convention at Hartford, Ct., next year, is clear and cogent, and none of the "high brows," which he appears to represent, need have the slightest worry about the date on which the convention will be held. The literati must be appeased; the *hot polloi* ought to feel satisfied.

However, there exists among the deaf a class of modest men of admitted mediocrity, who are deeply interested in the affairs of their class. These are the common-sense thinkers, who mix with and assist their deaf fellow beings. The matter of oral, manual, or any other method of teaching the deaf, to them seems incidental to the schools, and occupies only a secondary place in their thoughts. The main point in their theory and practice of life, revolves around the opportunities for obtaining steady employment and earning a comfortable livelihood. Grateful for the education and training received during their school days, these men, and women too, naturally have a desire to honor the Founder who made this education and training possible.

Not being favored with long summer vacations, bountiful stipends, or big salaries, to make ready for the trip and time consumed involves other problems than packing a suitcase and calling at the paying teller's window. Some of these very desirable acquisitions to the membership roll of the National Association will be obliged to save a little money each week, by stint and sacrifice, in order to get a chance to participate in this great centenary celebration of the founding of the first school for the education of the deaf in America.

And beyond this mere monetary preparation is the possibility of being spared from their places of employment without detriment to their future prospects. The complicated arrangements by which shifts in the time of vacation can be smoothly rotated in a big establishment, requires the planning and construction of a schedule many months in advance. Considering these things, it is not astonishing that many letters of inquiry have been sent to the JOURNAL Editor, requesting information concerning the date of the Convention.

## The Minister Was Puzzled.

At a marriage service performed some time ago, in a little country church in Georgia, when the minister said in a solemn tone: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered, "I will."

The minister looked up very much perplexed and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will."

The minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the gentlemen at the end of the row said:

"She is deaf. I am answering for her."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## VIRGINIA.

The third biennial convention of the Old Dominion (now Virginia) Society of the Deaf was held in Hampton, Va., August 2 to 5. The headquarters and meetings of the convention were held in the Parish House of historic St. John's Church. The Convention opened with a reception and social entertainment on the evening of Wednesday, August 2d. The Convention was formally called to order by President Robert P. Smoak, of Roanoke, at 10 A.M., Thursday, August 3d. The Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Washington, D. C., Missionary to the deaf in Virginia, offered an invocation. A poem "In Virginia" was then signed gracefully and beautifully by four ladies. Addresses of welcome were made by the Hon. M. C. Ransome, acting Mayor of Hampton, and the Hon. Harry R. Houston, Delegate of the Virginia House of Delegates. Mr. S. C. Jones, a teacher in the Staunton school, responded on behalf of the Convention. The Rev. Edwin R. Carter, rector of St. John's Church, also made an appropriate address of welcome, placing its Parish House at the service of the convention.

The reports of the President and Secretary, the appointment of tellers and committees on Resolutions, Finance, Place and Date of the next convention, and announcements and notices followed in order. Thursday afternoon was spent in an enjoyable and instructive street car ride through the peninsula, as the guest of the Newport News and Hampton Railway Company, visiting the famous Newport News Shipyard, the Curtiss Aviation School, and Old Point Comfort.

Thursday evening a religious service was held in St. John's Parish Hall by the Rev. Mr. Merrill, who preached the Convention sermon, urging the necessity of cooperation in order to succeed, and pointing out how each one must do his part in advancing the interests and welfare of the deaf in general and of the Society in particular. Mrs. Lizzie Capps, of Lynchburg, gave a graceful rendition of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," eliciting commendatory remarks from the hearing people present at the service, among whom was the City Attorney of Hampton who later said that he had not realized the full beauty of the hymn or the deep solemnity of the Apostle's Creed until he had seen them rendered in signs.

The business session Friday morning began with an invocation by the Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md. The roll call and the reading of the minutes were dispensed with. Reports by the various committees were made, also the Treasurer's report. It was decided, after canvassing the merits of several other cities, to accept the invitation of Superintendent Bowles of the State School for the Deaf and Blind, to meet in that institution, and to hold the next Convention in Staunton some time in the summer of 1918. Other business to be transacted was postponed until later in the day, in order to permit the visitors take an automobile ride through Hampton, Phoebus, Old Point Comfort, and Fortress Monroe, returning to Hampton about noon, at which time an excellent photograph of the Convention was taken in front of the Post Office.

Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, an exhibition of a number of the National Association of the Deaf's moving pictures of addresses and readings in the sign language, was given in the Apollo Theatre, after which all hands boarded street cars for a visit to the School for the Colored Deaf and Blind near Newport News, where they were the guests of Principal and Mrs. W. C. Ritter.

While at the school, full opportunity was afforded to visit the various buildings and to see what had been accomplished in a few years by Mr. Ritter. The school was started in 1908, in a small frame building, and in the face of considerable local opposition. It now has a number of fine, well equipped, brick buildings, with an enrollment, last year, of 135 pupils. The opposition that the school encountered at first has changed to cordial support and co-operation on the part of the people of Newport News and vicinity.

A business session was held in the chapel of the school, to finish the work left over from the morning meeting. Officers were elected as follows: President, Arthur G. Tucker, of Richmond; First Vice-President, J. H. Carpenter, of Newport News; Second Vice-President, Mrs. S. C. Jones, of Staunton; Secretary, L. B. Brushwood, of Hampton; Treasurer, Simon B. Alley, of Roanoke, (re-elected).

Mr. Ritter was requested to mount the platform, whereupon, the Rev. Mr. Whildin, on behalf of the convention, in an appropriate and graceful speech, presented him with a beautiful silver loving cup, as a testimonial of the regard in which the deaf of Virginia hold him and as an evidence of their love and esteem, the actual presentation being made by Mrs. L. Capps. The cup stands fully twelve inches high and bears the following inscription:

To  
W. C. RITTER  
From the Old Dominion Society of the Deaf  
R. P. Smoak, President  
Hampton, Va., August 4, 1916  
For his co-work in the School for the Uplift of the Deaf

Mr. Ritter was taken wholly by surprise and it was some moments before he could say a word. He thanked the Convention for the gift, and told briefly of his struggles and labor in starting and building up the school.

The meeting closed with a benediction by the Rev. Mr. Merrill. Then followed a watermelon feast prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Ritter, all doing full justice to the juicy melons, and the sandwiches, cakes, etc., after which the guests returned to Hampton.

That evening the members of the Convention were the guests of Mayor and Mrs. Ransome, on their spacious lawn. Speeches were made by the Mayor, the City Attorney, and a number of other men prominent in Hampton, to which President Tucker responded. Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Ransome and her daughters, and cigars passed around by the Mayor, bringing to a close the entertainments of the day.

The following day, Saturday, was spent in various ways, some of the visitors going to Buckroe Beach to frolic in the Bay, fish, catch crabs, eat the sea-food dinner for which the place is famous, etc.; others going to Norfolk, Portsmouth, Ocean View, etc.

Religious services were to have been held on Sunday, August 6th, but it was found that most of the visitors were to return home before Sunday, and the two clergymen present had made other arrangements, so a service was held Thursday evening, as previously chronicled.

On the whole, the Convention was very successful, and the visitors returned home much impressed with the hospitality of the people of Hampton. Much of the success of the Convention is due to the work of the local committee, composed of Messrs. L. B. Brushwood, Wm. C. Ritter, B. A. Bass, J. H. Carpenter, P. W. Lee, J. L. Randolph, T. M. Jenkins, Duncan Smoak and J. R. Brushwood, especially to Mr. L. B. Brushwood, the Chairman, who worked early and late, attending to the various local details and ministering to the comfort and pleasure of the visitors.

Mrs. F. A. McCall, of Baltimore, Md., was the official interpreter of the Convention, and gave general satisfaction. Especially noteworthy was her success in interpreting the remarks made in signs for the benefit of hearing people, which, as everybody knows, is quite difficult.

No Convention is considered complete without at least one pair of newly-weds. This Convention was no exception. Mr. and Mrs. B. Strickler (nee Patteson) being the happy pair. They were married in Richmond, on August 2d, and the opening reception of the Convention was in large measure a reception for them. They left for home—near Harrisonburg—via Washington, D. C., Friday evening. Mr. Strickler is a printer, and has a good position. They have our best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

The retiring officers of the Society, Robert P. Smoak, the President; Thomas M. Jenkins, First Vice-President; Mrs. W. C. Ritter, Second Vice-President; A. G. Tucker, Secretary; and S. B. Alley, Treasurer; deserve much credit for the work accomplished during the past three years, and can well afford to rest on their laurels. Mr. Smoak proved himself an able presiding officer, handling tactfully a number of difficult situations that arose at the Convention and pouring oil on troubled waters.

Now let's all boost the next Convention. Hurrah for Staunton in 1918.

## NOTICE.

The Convention of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf, that was to be held in Newark, N. J., Labor Day, September 4th, has been postponed till a later date. Watch the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and the Silent Worker for September, for notice and particulars, etc. On account of the prevailing epidemic in the State at this time, the Executive Committee has decided on this course.

R. C. STEPHENSON,  
President.

## AN IMPOSTOR COLLARED.

Three weeks ago a young woman claiming to be a deaf-mute, worked the city of Washington, Iowa, successfully, until a dog chased a cat between her feet. The woman was so suddenly frightened that she forgot her ruse and hollered. She was arrested and ordered out-of-town. I do not know why she was not prosecuted under the vagrant law.

E. S. WARING,

Impositor Chief of Iowa.

## Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

Rev. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.,  
Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations.

Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in the State.

Address: Keokuk, Mo.

## FROM A FAR SHORE.

(The Pacific Coast.)

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long, long way to go,"  
And a long, long rest to JOURNAL readers  
'Twixt the letters of Miss—who?

Reaching Los Angeles at Easter-tide, I started in for a good time—and had it for just two weeks.

Then I fell a victim to Los Angeles' avaricious horde of sharks, and bought out the furnishings of a very pretty little house—and my troubles began.

One cannot keep house properly, with three boarders, and run around.

And before I was there three months, the lot, which was a valuable one, was long-leased to parties who wished to erect a business block at once, and I received an invitation to call at my rental agent's office. Was I flabbergasted? Some.

But the agent made it all right on the rent score, so I cheerfully moved to a prettier flat in a much prettier neighborhood, and find I am once more in the mood for writing to my friends, individually and collectively, and I am going to try to see California faster than I've done these three months past.

Incidentally, I'm not so crazy about it as I was, but I've not been seeing the sort of out-doors I love—mountains, sea, hills, (none so lovely as Seattle's), woodlands, streams and flowers—all the lovely things that the hand of man had nothing to do with creating.

I went to the Frat picnic on the Fourth—and wished myself elsewhere. A hot, thirsty, weary crowd we were. No water to drink, so three of us started out to hunt "soft drinks." Mrs. Kiene suggested root beer. Miss Finch and I glanced at each other and went into convulsions, which Mrs. Kiene did not understand, but we offered no explanation. It was a joke of the past which must needs lose savor in the telling. We compromised on pop. Bah!

The outing was at Seal Beach, famed as "the beach without an undertow." Miss Finch and I are alike in preferring a cool, quiet bit of Nature's loveliness, and just a few choice spirits with whom to share it, to any large crowd and the man-made attractions with which all resorts abound. So we felt sort o' bored.

We accepted Mrs. Kiene's invitation to go to Long Beach with joyous anticipation, but when we were steered into the midst of Long Beach's amusements, and found ourselves in a far greater crowd than the one at Seal Beach, we sought seats in the shade and spent the hours chatting until the fireworks commenced, and then took an early car for home, tired and sleepy.

The Frat picnic was greatly enjoyed by the younger element, as all such affairs are. The deaf, as a rule, are no such nature worshippers and mob shunners as yours truly.

Lovely Mrs. Kiene, a week later, more than made up to Miss Finch and me for our disappointment in our first visit to Long Beach, by giving us a delightful, little luncheon, where just we three and the Kiene children enjoyed ourselves in our own way: cool, comfy, congenial and happy. The master of the house was absent on a business trip, so we did not have the pleasure of his company, but hope for more lovely visits at the attractive home of the Kienes, as well as to entertain them here, for they are fine.

One week later, Miss Finch—whose presence in Los Angeles these last few weeks has been a joy and comfort to me—and I went to Santa Monica and spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with the Terrys.

Howard Leslie, bless him! closed his shop and gave himself up to assisting his duck of a wife in entertaining us. We didn't want another soul to help us enjoy that day. And how we did laugh!

Preliminary to luncheon, we went to "The Palisades Shop," Mr. Terry's printery, where he printed his books, and I was permitted to try running the famous little press. Dead easy!

After a much-enjoyed lunch, at which I fear I ate an unusual amount, we started for the beach, choosing the canyon route. Mrs. Terry insisted we descend a remarkably crooked and steep path instead of going down the conventional concrete steps—"to test my love of nature." I stood the test, also stood at various vantage points and feasted my eyes on the grandeur about us, while the rest "watched their steps" to the bottom of the canyon.

The beach was A BEACH, not a plank or cement walk—lined with those everlasting catch-penny amusements that spoil the landscape. We sat contentedly on the clean sand and watched the breakers roll in and throw their spray at us, meanwhile consuming delicious bon-bons that Howard L. produced from somewhere. (Sweet of him!)

The day would have been perfect had it not been about two-thirds too short. We returned to the Terry bungalow by the more conventional route, passing some of the millionaire residences, and seeing some delightful gardens, and had tea before returning to Los Angeles.

If I don't spend several more days

at Santa Monica, it will be because I'm forbidden. Next time, I want my bathing togs along, providing I am assured there are no blood-thirsty sharks near shore. I'm a poor fish at swimming.

A man once said to me, "Terry is the worst bunch of glooms I ever saw." A fig for the fellow's view! It takes a poet to understand a poet. The higher, the finer, and the more imaginative an intellect is, the keener and more intense both the grief and the enjoyment of its possessor. Hard-hearted, practical people, can not possibly sympathize with the poetic, romantic temperament. I've surely learned that.

I speak from first knowledge, tho' it is seldom I yield to the temptation to lapse into rhyme, myself.

Years and years ago, a stage-struck, mushy plagiarist so disgusted me with the very thought of writing verses, that I very nearly "swore off," altogether.

The thoughts come, but I spare the public—leave them unwritten. I once burned a whole bookful of 'em.

Mr. Terry has written some really beautiful things in verse. His keenly sensitive soul, like my own, doubtless suffers intensely under blows at which the bullet-headed would merely shrug their shoulders and jog on.

If I am not gloomy, it is because of a dual nature that enables me always to resurrect a smile for every comer, no matter how I feel.

No use in wearing our sorrows for public inspection, you know.

Most of us have more or less trouble. Some of us suffer more than others.

But none of us should let our private griefs cast even momentary gloom across the pathway of our fellow-travelers. Women are perhaps better dissemblers than men, as a rule—more capable of sitting "Like Patience on a monument, Smiling at grief."

If there was any gloom in H. L. T.'s ensemble on the day we spent at Santa Monica, it was invisible to the naked eye.

Mr. Howson, of Berkeley, gave us a splendid "Nad-Cad" talk the night of July 22d, and was greeted by a goodly-sized assemblage.

The evening previous, Mr. and Mrs. Howson were given a reception at the home of the popular Doanes.

On the following evening, Sunday, a select few were entertained at the charming bungalow of Mr. U. M. Cool, and dainty refreshments were served.

The Howsons divided their time visiting around among various old friends, and we should have enjoyed having them with us longer. Come again. Come often.

John Thomas has forsaken Seattle for Los Angeles, and considering the attraction, we do not blame him—besides he may later persuade her to go back with him to the Queen City of the Coast. John is a dear, good boy, and is becoming quite popular down here.

Mr. Hole, of San Francisco, slipped through our city on a motorcycle trip to San Diego and back, cheating us out of a visit we should all have enjoyed. He is a royal good fellow, as full of fun as Los Angeles is full of grafters.

'Ere this has time to appear in print, Miss Marion Finch, of the Oregon School, who has been spending several weeks here with her mother and sister, will have departed from our city, going northward. I, for one, shall sorely miss her bright presence, for we've spent many and happy hours together. I hope to entertain a few ladies at luncheon in her honor before she departs.

Mr. Chaney has been in our city two or three weeks, now. He, too, was drawn hither by an attraction, and the indications are that he will add her to the attractions of Alameda before a great while.

Miss Walker and Mr. De Pew had a very pretty wedding at the Episcopal Church, Rev. Webb officiating, on the evening of July 26th. Never having met them, I did not attend, but my hearty good wishes go to them unreservedly, as they always do when a wedding is a love-match, pure and true, as is theirs. Bless them!

I am rejoiced to learn of the success of my fellow-Hoosiers in raising the required amount to secure the additional twenty acres of Mr. Archibald's farm for the Home. Now hasten the building, please! I may want admittance soon.

C. E. C.

## Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf.

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House  
528 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mr. Thomas Marsden, Lay-Reader.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES:

Evening Prayer and Sermon every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 5 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

The delta of the Mississippi River covers an area about equal to that the state of Maryland.

Olives are the longest lived fruit trees. It is said that some trees in Syria have borne fruit for four hundred years.

## National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.  
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President  
Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harley D. Drake,  
Minneapolis, Kan. Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents  
A. B. Greener, Chicago, Ill. Walter Glover, S. C.  
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.

Executive Committee:  
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota.  
Ex-Officio Chairman

Owen G. Carroll, of Austin, Texas  
Sheby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.  
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kan.  
George H. Bailey, of Mount Olive N. C.  
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.  
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.  
Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct.  
John H. Keiser, New York.

## OFFICIAL.

The August issue of *The Nad* will be in the hands of the members by the time this issue of the JOURNAL reaches its subscribers, and I earnestly request all Association members to look through his copy carefully and note how he stands. Each member's copy will be marked according to his standing, and will show whether he is in arrears for two years, or one year, or paid up. This method was followed in the May issue, but response was not so generous as was expected. Voting for officers will begin on the second Tuesday in February, and all who are behind with their dues then will not be allowed to ballot. It is easy to see that the State which has the largest list of paid up members might be able to control the election by a preponderance of votes. Pay up now or get a new member and give your State a chance!

The following new members have just been sent in by Mr. J. W. Howson, of California:

Meyers, H., Selma.  
Benedict, Clinton, Porterville.  
Eden, Mrs. Margaret, Santa Ana.  
Shuford, Mrs. J. T., Los Angeles.  
Plenz, H., Venice.  
Llewellyn, Mrs. L., Venice.  
Fritz, H., Venice.  
Handley, R., Whittier.  
Cook, William, Los Angeles.  
Eden, Mrs. William, Los Angeles.  
McGowan, Mr., Los Angeles.  
Heisthusen, J., Anaheim.  
Michaels, Mrs. E., Los Angeles.  
Dahl, Henry, Los Angeles.  
Kett, Mrs. Robert, Los Angeles.  
Ellis, Mrs. H., Los Angeles.

H. D. DRAKE, Treas.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. D., Aug. 14.

## N. A. D. Convention Dates.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL: There seems to be no good reason just yet why any of the readers of the JOURNAL should worry themselves, the editor, or any one else, concerning the dates for holding the 1917 Convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Hartford. The Executive Committee doubtless will announce the dates as early as possible.

In this particular instance everything seems to hinge upon the dates to be selected by the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, which also is to meet at Hartford next summer. The Alumni Association of Gallaudet College is another organization planning to participate in the centennial celebration of the founding of first school for the Deaf in America by the man in whose honor the college is named.

Many of the prominent deaf of the country belong to one, two, or all three of the organizations named, and would like to have the convention dates and hours so adjusted as to enable them to attend any or all of the meetings during Centennial Week. This can and, I believe, will be done. The Convention of Instructors being the older of the organizations and, perhaps, a bit less widely than the others participating in the Centennial, should be allowed the choice of dates, then the N. A. D. and the Gallaudet Alumni, in the order named.

The last five triennial meetings of the Convention of Instructors consumed about a week between June 25th and July 13th, and, if precedents are followed, the Hartford Centennial will fall somewhere near July 4th. July 4th, next year, falls on Wednesday—a very appropriate date for mid-convention week.

JAMES H. CLOUD,  
St. Louis, August 12.

## Maryland Association.

BALTIMORE, MD., August 5, 1916—Coincident in conjunction with the annual picnic of Maryland Picnic Society for the Deaf, which took place at Grove No. 8, Druid Hill Park, last Wednesday, the Eleventh Biennial Convention of the Maryland State Association for the Deaf held a brief business session in the pavilion, with Mr. A. C. Buxton, the President, in the chair. Notwithstanding the sizzling and wilting heat, the enthusiasm and becoming visage of its members were predominant. Approximately forty-five new members were enrolled.

The incoming officers pledged to exert to their utmost in preparing an elaborate and diversified program for the next convention, two years hence. On the morning, August 3d, the members of this Association went on a delightful excursion down the renowned Chesapeake Bay to Chesapeake Beach, popularly known as the "Coney Island of Maryland," fifty miles distant. This outing was managed wholly by the Baltimore Division,

No. 47, N. F. S. D., and proved to be an unprecedented success in every respect. The Frats from the Washington Division were re-informed at the beach and renewed their acquaintances with the local Frats.

The officers elected for the ensuing term were: A. C. Buxton, President, (re-elected); Geo. H. Faupel, First Vice-President; D. E. Moylan, Second Vice-President; W. W. Duvall, Secretary; O. K. Price, Sr., Treasurer.

Among the out-of-town visitors at the picnic and convention were: Mrs. Dahl, of California; Mr. Hays, of Harford County; Prof. Geo. H. Faupel, of Frederick, Md.; Miss Fillyaw, of Virginia; Mr. Otto Devoe, of Baltimore County; Mr. Geo. A. Gallion, of Perryman, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Ayres, of Harford Co., and others.

W. W. D., Jr.

## FANWOOD.

Mr. Thomas Beatty, for forty-eight years the Institution baker, is spending his vacation on his son's farm near Poughkeepsie.

Henry Noll, the Principal's coachman, joined the ranks of the benedictus last Thursday, August 10th.

James Harper, for a time hall boy here, but now recuperating in the Otisville Sanitarium, at Otisville, N. Y., would be glad to hear from his friends here.

Our dentist, Dr. C. E. Benton, has invented a practical feed bag for horses which is in great demand.

The laundry has acquired a new washing machine, which was installed quite a while ago.

The spacious underground coal bunkers in the northwest portion of the grounds have recently been restocked for the winter. One thousand five hundred tons of coal went down the chutes.

In last week's issue we mentioned a means of sanitation used here. Well, another has been brought to our notice. A cupful of chloro naphtholeum is used with every pail of water used in scrubbing the floors and woodwork of the school.

The past few years women have been taking the places of men all over the country. Formerly we had a male telephone operator and a male secretary to the principal. Now these positions are filled by women.

A new sport was sprung Sunday morning: Racing with a hoop around the parade ground to its farthest extremes for time records. The first record was 1 minute 11 seconds. This was soon smashed by a new one of 1:05. The present record is 1:00 flat, the distance being nearly a quarter of a mile.

Harry A. Barnes is at present absorbed in David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment," which appeared serially in the *American Magazine*, some time ago.

But chasing is another of the strange diversions that occupy some of the persons around here. Last week Mr. Jones chased one from one around the school before getting a chance at it. One swipe from a tennis racket was enough for the cross between a mouse and a bird. Saturday night Harry Barnes and Mr. Jones bagged two of them. Dark work it was, peering about and then lunging out at where you thought it to be. There are still a great many left to mourn the loss of their fellows. And they had best be on the watch, too.

The Protean Barrack Room has received its annual coat of paint, and has had every tack hole in its four walls plugged up. There must have been at least five hundred of them. Some job. And the paint—but enough, there's some on our pants yet.

We believe this is the first time the mail bag has been brought back from the



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Hamilton A. Nelson, a former pupil of the Westchester (N. Y.) School for the Deaf, was found by a policeman at West 178th Street and Fort Washington Avenue, in great pain, at 7:30 o'clock on Friday evening, August 11th. He was brought to Washington Heights Hospital. There the doctors could not understand his sign talk, so they telephoned to the Fanwood School nearby, and Mr. James Durand, a tutor was dispatched to the Hospital. It turned out that Mr. Nelson took poison, but what kind he did not remember. The doctors by the use of the stomach pump saved his life.

A couple passed the Trade Schools building of the Fanwood School, wending their way riverward, both attired in white. At first glance one would have thought they were newly weds, on their honeymoon, just up bright and early and going to see what the wild waves were saying, but a good peep at the pair revealed the solemn truth that they were Mr. and Mrs. Albert V. Ballin. Appearances at first glance are indeed deceiving, as they looked almost as they did some twenty-three years ago, at Ocean Grove, N. J., when they had just announced their engagement.

Mr. William Hamilton, of Boston, Mass., who was a pupil of the Fanwood School about six years ago, and has been employed as compositor and press feeder steadily, is in the city enjoying a week's vacation. He journeyed from Boston to New York in his brother's auto on Tuesday night, and as it rained, the trip was anything but pleasant. William is stopping in Yonkers, the guest of his brother. Before returning to Boston, he expects to visit several relatives and renew acquaintances of his New York friends, whom he has not seen for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders have been in New York for several days, and on Saturday evening, were guests at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. The previous Sunday had been spent at Murray Campbell's farm in Poughkeepsie. They visited the Gallaudet Home, but were very much disappointed at the inhospitable reception given them and cut short their stay to an hour or so.

Mr. William Lipgens, the expert and artistic worker in gold, arrived in this country fifteen years ago on the 4th of August. He became a citizen of the United States ten years ago. With the exception of trips abroad and in the Western States, Mr. Lipgens has been steadily employed with Tiffany & Co., the famous jewelry firm of Fifth Avenue and 36th Street.

Mr. Nathan Dobsavage is back in the city, but not at work, as the paper-box makers have gone on strike, and although not a member of the Union, he willingly joined in order to better the condition of the men and their families that work at paper-box making, which in this city numbers very many manufacturing concerns.

Mr. Simon Kahn is an individual of enormous size, with a thinly-thatched dome. He is a sort of good fellow, and came here from the Fatherland—Germany—twenty-four years ago. By the way he will be fifty years old next year. He has lived in this city for twenty-five years. He is an artist and engraver of no mean ability.

At the last regular meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, held on Thursday evening, Mr. Fred Donus was elected as our active member, and Mr. John A. Roach, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Samuel Hutton, of Herkimer, N. Y., as non-resident members. The roster of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League is now nearly one hundred.

Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, who has been a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League for several years, but seldom attended any meetings, was in attendance at the League's meeting on Thursday last, and made a short but well-received speech. He also related of his recent operation on his right eye, which interested all the members present.

Miss Gladys Gillies, of Newton, Mass., is visiting Miss Nadine Bowman for a couple of weeks. They were classmates at the Horace Mann School in Boston several years ago. On Monday last they went to Steeplechase Park, at Coney Island, and greatly enjoyed the fun at that amusement park.

Miss Violet Pearce spent a week at Eatontown, N. J., as a guest of Miss Clara Broese. They made trips to Ashbury Park and Long Branch. Miss Pearce expects to attend the convention at Philadelphia (Mt. Airy) from the 23d to the 26th of the present month.

In our chronicle from Bangor Pa., last week, the JOURNAL omitted to say that Mr. and Mrs. George Sidney Porter of Trenton, N. J., spent a week at the Colonial Hotel in that town, sharing the golf and motoring treats with Mr. A. L. Pach.

Miss Grace McClelland, daughter of Mr. and Samuel McClelland, is expected home from Chicago, where she spent a week. She enjoyed a visit to Niagara Falls with her aunt and cousin, and in Chicago surprised her maternal grandparent by a visit.

The Frat Division has leased a meeting room in the Horton Building, East 125th Street near Lexington Avenue. House Warming on September 16th. Every third Saturday of each month of the year there will be something doing there.

MOSES HEYMAN, died May 1, 1916; appraiser, Bowers—Total assets, \$38,564; net estate, \$36,471. Mrs. Jeannette Weil Heyman, widow, beneficiary. Assets, deposits, \$2,985; mortgages, \$20,395; bonds, \$5,183.—N. Y. Sun, Aug. 11, 1916.

Mrs. Edgar Bloom and her little boy have been at Buffalo, N. Y., for several weeks. On Saturday, August 12th, Mr. Bloom joined them to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the day when he and his wife were made one.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anfort and baby Dorothy spent Sunday, August 8th, with Mr. Anfort's mother, and in the evening, as no cars were running, they had to hire an auto to get to their home in Astoria, L. I.

Mr. Osmond Loew enjoyed a week's vacation last week from the printing concern where he is employed, and instead of going away, as was his wont in former years, spent the week in the city, and he says he feels better for it.

Mr. Patrick F. Cassidy, of Calbra School, Dublin, Ireland, passed away on Saturday dawn, July 29th, at his niece's Brooklyn residence, and was buried on Tuesday, August 1st.

Harry J. Goldberg is visiting around at different towns and cities in Connecticut. He has been at Bridgeport, New Haven, Shelton, Derby, Branford and Hartford.

Between now and September 2d, there will be one more picnic to think about. It is by the Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Dolan, of Shelton, Ct., are in New York, to spend a week, Mr. Dolan being on his vacation. They are staying at the home of Mrs. Dolan's mother.

Tow Helberg, since 1913 instructor in carpentry and supervisor of the boys at the school in Mystic, Ct., is at his home in the Bronx for vacation.

Last Wednesday was Mrs. J. H. McCluskey's birthday, and with her son William she went to Sheephead Bay and witnessed "The Stampede."

Mr. Isaac Newton Soper has been on the sick list at the Gallaudet Home, but is now said to be much improved.

Misses Lillian and Beatrice Schoenfeld are spending their vacation in Greene County, N. Y.

### LUTHERAN GUILD OUTING.

The Lutheran Guild for the deaf had an attendance of over four hundred at the White House Park, Canarsie, L. I., on the 12th of August last.

The day was beautiful and just right for a picnic. Guests came from all New York City, Brooklyn and New Jersey.

Refreshments of ice cream and soft drinks were sold in the evening.

Games were played in the afternoon and evening and prizes awarded to the winners. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Nelson, Mr. Barnett, Miss Grossman, Miss Unger and Mrs. T. Lounsbury, and others which the writer fails to recall.

The guests played at bowling and they were very interesting to observe.

Many beautiful and useful prizes were given to the winners late in the evening. Everybody enjoyed themselves very much.

If you have not read Albany Division, No. 51, N. F. S. D. advertisement, on the last page of this paper, please do so now, and think it over and then act. Many of you need a change of air and scene.

Saandaga Park offers many advantages, both to pleasure and health. One may attend the Brooklyn Division picnic on September 2d without interference, as the Hudson Navigation Night Express boat leaves New York City at ten or eleven P.M., arriving at Albany Sunday morning. The trip from Albany to Saandaga Park by fast electric cars is excellent, which also will give you a fine chance to see several cities, such as Albany, Schenectady, Amsterdam, Gloversville, before you reach the Park.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 928 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 12, 1916.—Miss Bessie McGregor, of Grove City, entertained with a reception, in honor of her guest, Mrs. A. L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kan., last Tuesday evening. The following Columbus people were present: Dr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlmacher, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. Neutzling, Mr. and Mrs. Greener, Mrs. and Miss Zell, Mrs. Callison, Mrs. Albert; Misses Lamson, Edgar and sister, Biggam, and Miss Dillion; Messrs. Schory, Charles, Carl Bohner and Mr. Volk, of Grove City. The whole party left Columbus on the 7:05 car and returned on the 10:45 one.

After the conventionalities, the party set about giving answers to twenty-eight questions pinned about the room, on: What our Grandmothers Missed—such as electric appliances, telegraphy, autos, etc. Games and conversation helped to pass time also. Dainty refreshments were served before the party left for home.

Mrs. Roberts arrived at "The Elms," from Cleveland, last Sunday, having been visiting her mother for some time. She is the picture of health and still carries with her that irrepressible smile. During her stay down here, she has been entertained by various friends and tomorrow goes to visit the Home for Deaf with Miss Lamson. She will return to Cleveland Wednesday.

In the game contest, Mrs. Joseph Neutzling and Mr. A. H. Schory came out even in the number of correct answers, each having twenty-four correct answers, so they divided the prize, a box of fine letter paper and envelopes.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, there was quite a crowd assembled at the rear of the Mary Flower Congregational Church on Studer Avenue, by prearrangement, and having with them packages and baskets, said packages and baskets containing appetizing articles for the inner man. A little later the party walked down to the Zorn homestead, and knocked at the rear door. Mrs. Zorn answered the call with open eyes and mouth when she beheld the crowd, not in the least having expected any callers. Matters were explained to her and she received congratulations and best wishes. As to her liege lord, he happened to be up-town on Home business, but when he returned he was taken aback by the unexpected crowd that had taken possession of his house and back yard and were having a good time. He was given hearty handshakes and poundings, for really this was his natal day, Mrs. Zorn's having been a few days previous.

About sunset the whole party, about forty-five, gathered in the back yard and partook of lunch, potato salad, Saratoga chips, chicken and ham sandwiches, olives, pickles, cheese, coffee, and later ice cream and cakes—among them a birthday cake with the initial "Z" in the center. Everyone did justice to the meal, from young to old—let it be said that there were a dozen children present, from three to twelve years old. After the meal the party adjourned to the front lawn or to the rooms, and passed the evening in talk. Miss Mary C. Bierce, who was one of Mr. Zorn's teachers in his early years at the school here, was among those present.

The Canton, O. Sunday Repository had this to say in its issue of the 6th inst: The question of a new site for the school is again up. However nothing will be done, we think for some years, as the State is not now in a position to go into the building business, as it now has on its hands the erection of a new penitentiary and several State institutions that are handicapped for more room.

The Evening Dispatch of the 5th inst had the following regarding the subject:— Because the state school for the deaf is greatly overtaxed to care for the children who attend, because it is not erected along modern ideas and for the best advancement of the pupils, and because there is not ample space on the grounds to give the children the training they need, J. W. Jones, superintendent of the institution, in a special report to the board of administration filed Tuesday morning, asks that a new institution be erected.

Superintendent Jones says the time has come to move into new and larger quarters, and recommends that the state purchase a site located on a traction line near Columbus, of from 200 to 500 acres. He also recommends the cottage plan instead of the congregated plan which was adopted when the present institution was erected, for economical reasons. The present style of building, he says, retards the pupils, prevents the proper segregation, and the children are handicapped in the way of proper playgrounds and campus.

NEED FARM FACILITIES.

The most important reason, however, for a new institution, accord-

ing to the report of Superintendent Jones, is the need of a farm where the young men can learn to become modern farmers. Most of the pupils, he says, come from the rural communities of the state. They are brought direct from the farm to the school, and are given only such training as would enable them to make a living by moving to cities. They would make better farmers, and would be an aid to their parents in this manner as well as becoming more independent.

The present site of ten acres was purchased by the state in 1834. The main structure was erected in 1861-67 and was built to accommodate about 350 pupils, while during the last year the average attendance was more than 500. The proper segregation is prohibited by the lack of room in the present institution.

### NO LEGAL OBSTACLE.

The site was purchased at a very low price on the condition that it always be used for the state school for the deaf, but court decisions of the past few years make it possible that these clauses in the original deed may be evaded and the property either sold or used by the State as an office building, or as a detention hospital for research work. It is easily adapted to either of these uses.

At the present time the institution is compelled to purchase everything that is used. With the purchase of a suitable farm the inmates could easily care for cows and chickens, and do considerable farm work which would result in a production which would care for all needs of the inmates.

The matter will be taken up by the board of administration early next week, and it is expected that the board will urge the coming legislature to make an appropriation sufficiently large for the state to erect a new school and purchase ground as contemplated by Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Mary F. Johnson, disclaims that she and Mr. Johnson were of the party that met in this city a couple of weeks ago to join an organization, to aid others of their race. They were not at home when the party was in the city.

Mrs. Frank Stamer, daughter of the late John Leib, became the mother of a son, born in this city, July 11th. She has been staying with her mother, Mrs. C. C. Neuner, down near Green Lawn Cemetery.

Mr. Carl Bohn, of Altoona, Pa., who last fall entered Ohio State University, took a summer course which closed Friday. We understand he is to return in the fall.

Messrs. Zorn and Ohlmacher accompanied an excursion to Hillsboro last Sunday to visit relatives. At Washington, C. H., they were joined by Mr. Hoffman, who went along to visit his schoolmate, Ray Conkling, who lives down there among the hills.

Mrs. Herman Cook and children, of McGrahn, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Mayer, of 130 West Eighth Avenue, this city, and will remain until after the reunion. Mrs. Emil Schneider (nee In Bashor), of Cincinnati, O., came to Columbus last week, to keep house for her parents, while the latter are away attending a Chataqua.

We shall send in the program for the next reunion next week, and we are requested to state that on the evening of September 1st an out-of-door masquerade party will be one of the attractions. Four prizes will be given, two for gentlemen and two for ladies, for the pretty and most comical or ugliest costumes.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers was held on the evening of August 4th, to decide on the choice of an automobile for the Home. Mr. Fred Schwartz, in charge of the Automobile Fund, reported the amount collected and turned over to the treasurer of the Board of Managers about \$534. There was still some due, and with a little more that could be raised during the reunion, there would be sufficient to purchase a machine.

The claims of the Maxwell and Ford were presented for a choice, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Schwartz, Jones, Schory, and Zorn, with Superintendent Chapman, was appointed to make a selection.

The committee met the next day and decided upon a Maxwell machine, price \$595, f.o.b. It was purchased last Monday and will be delivered in a few days. Meanwhile, Superintendent Chapman will be instructed by the agent here in its management. So when the reunion is held, it can be used in taking members to and from the home from the car line.

The brother and niece of Mrs. Banks Dakin, Mr. Robinson, from Bridgeport, O., arrived at the Home in their auto, Thursday morning. In the afternoon, Mr. Robinson gave a number of the aged residents an auto ride over the country, and it is safe to say they enjoyed it. Upon their return, the others were taken to a store and treated to ice cream. Later on Mr. Robinson treated all to a watermelon feast.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cory, of Dayton, O., left on the 1st of July for Mackinac Co., Mich. She has been

spending two months at their cottage in Les Cheanap. She will be joined by her husband on the 15th of August, and all will return home in the fall.

The Lawn Fete of the Ohio Rotary Society for Colored Deaf will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Suddath, of Columbus, O., on Labor Day, September 4th. Acting President Wm. H. Bond, and Secretary "Buck" Thurman, of Dayton, O., have finally launched this society for the benefit and welfare of the colored deaf of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, and adjoining States, which will be the first held since the establishment of schools. If you (white) meet any colored ones, please notify him or her of their own society, and thank you for such. Thurman is very ambitious to be the society leader and will work as a bee does. The deaf of courage are much needed.

A. B. G.

## BUFFALO.

A party of Buffalo deaf, the writer among them, spent Sunday, August 6th, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Reinbold, of North Tonawanda.

The Reinbolds have charming facilities for entertaining summer visitors, and the low rambling house, set far back from the road, and the spacious grounds and verandas, the latter screened with delicate vines, and the whole shaded by a number of fine old apple trees, brought forth exclamations of delight from all. To us city folks, coming direct from the bustle and confusion of the city, the quiet restfulness and beauty were singularly refreshing.

To these attractions was added an excellent dinner, to which all of the party, whose appetites had been sharpened by the long trolley ride, did full justice. After dinner the gentlemen wandered off by themselves to view nearby points of interest, while the ladies gathered in the shade of the apple trees and chatted about the hundred and one things dear to the feminine heart, and inspected and admired Mrs. Reinbold's fine plants, of which she has a number, while to the two children of the party the chickens and cows furnished an endless source of amusement. Then later Mr. Kluge and Mr. Calkins, both of Tonawanda, dropped in, and we all had tea, after which we sat about the grounds chatting until the twilight shadows deepened and warned us it was time to think of home.

So, reluctantly, we all said good-bye, assuring Mr. and Mrs. Reinbold the day had been delightful. Those present from Buffalo were Mrs. S. Place Cornelius, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. David Newhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Voss and two children, Sidney and Jeannette Voss. Sister Mary Cyprian, of the Order of St. Joseph, died suddenly Monday, August 7th, at St. Mary's Convent in Corning, two days after she returned from this city, where she attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Murray. Mrs. Murray was the mother of Mrs. Maurice M. Wall, of 375 Richmond Avenue. Before entering the convent, Sister Cyprian was Elizabeth Geron, daughter of the late James Geron, of Corning, and sister of the late Sister M. Isidore, who was so greatly beloved, and whose memory is revered by former pupils of St. Mary's Deaf Institution.

Mrs. S. Place Cornelius returned recently from a month's visit in Rochester and Clarepece. In the former place she attended the Annual meeting of the Rochester School for the Deaf, after which she spent some time visiting friends, going later to Clarence, where she was also the guest of friends. She reports a fine time.

Mrs. Frederick L. Peek and her daughter, and Mr. Jacob Reinlander were among the Buffalo people who attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Lake, of Medina, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Briel are rejoicing over the arrival of a son and heir, born in July.

Miss Mary N. Rely, of Philadelphia, formerly a teacher of the Deaf here, is in town.

Mrs. Schiffhauer, of Cherry Street, who has been seriously ill, is reported as somewhat improved.

M. H. V.

Michael Bauer, who entered the Gallaudet Home, as a member of the "Silent Family," July 2d, 1886, died at the Hudson River State Hospital, on Monday afternoon, August 7th, 1916, at one o'clock. He was fifty-one years of age, and had been an inmate of the Hudson River State Hospital for twenty-one years. His body was brought by Mr. John M. Goring, undertaker, to his rooms, at Wappinger Falls. As the Rev. John Chamberlain and the Rev. John H. Keiser, of the Deaf-Mute Mission, were absent on their vacations, the funeral services were held at the undertaker's rooms by the Rev. Gerald R. Cunningham, rector of Zion Church, Wappinger Falls, on Wednesday afternoon, August 9th, at four o'clock. The interment took place at the Gallaudet Home plot, on Thursday morning, August 10th.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the death of Mr. Joseph Brutsche, which occurred on Wednesday, August 9th, a familiar figure has been removed from our midst. Although a resident of Camden, N. J., which is just across the Delaware River, he worked in Philadelphia and spent most of his time here. He was educated at the old Broad and Pine Streets School here.

The deceased was a brass polisher by occupation, and worked for the Belfield Company for many years. On July 29th, he took suddenly sick and was removed to the West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, where he was operated on for appendicitis. Owing to the advanced stage of the disease and an impoverished physical condition, due to the inhalation of brass dust and other causes, the chances for his recovery were slim, and he passed away on the above date. In his younger days, Mr. Brutsche was quite an athlete, and he was always a lover of sports.

He was married to Miss Josephine Sondberg, in New York, by the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who with one son, John, aged eighteen, survives him, six other children having died. He was married thirty-four years. Joseph was one of nine children, all of whom have died. His aged mother alone survives, and attended the funeral. The deceased was a member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, 12th, at two o'clock, from his late residence, No. 606 South Sixth Street, Camden. The remains reposed in a handsome oak casket, amid a profusion of floral offerings. The local Frats sent a large wreath on a pedestal; the employees of the Belfield Company, a five-foot broken column, surmounted by a white dove; the neighbors, a large column; Mrs. Zang, a spray, and there were several smaller last tributes. The Rev. Dr. Townsend, of St. John's P. E. Church, Camden, officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia. After a brief service at the house, there was another service in St. John's Church. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. L. Davis, Israel Steer, Fred Greiner, R. E. Underwood, Jas. L. Brady (all Frats), and Frank Jones. The interment was in Evergreen Cemetery.

Through the help and influence of Mr. Harry F. Smith's father, arrangements have been made for entertaining those attending the P. S. A. D. Convention at the theatre at Tulpehocken Street and German-town Avenue, on Thursday afternoon, August 24th. A percentage of the receipts will be donated to the Home. Mr. Smith will have charge of this matter and will be aided by several others. Tickets must be procured in advance from the members of the Committee.

The following clipping is from the Philadelphia Record, August 10th:

POSTTOWN, PA., August 9.—Washed from her footing by the current, Mary Shinchak, aged thirteen, a deaf-mute student at Mt. Airy, drowned in the Schuylkill River here this afternoon, as her sister, Rosa, aged eight, ran frantically for help. Her brother, John, aged eighteen, recovered the body in shallow water a half hour later.

The child was home on her vacation and sought relief from the heat by going in bathing. Physicians worked an hour on the body, but life was extinct.

The little girl of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis was recently operated on for tonsillitis and the removal of adenoids. The operation was successful and the little patient is recovering as rapidly as possible.

Miss Laura Mueller returned home on Monday, a week ago, from a week's visit to her friend, Miss Amelia Neidinger, at Richboro, Pa. It was her first stay in the country for such a length of time, and she enjoyed it greatly.

The York (Pa.) Daily reported the following wedding on August 5th:—

Hugh Boyd and Miss Edna V. Wolf, deaf-mutes, residents of West York, were married last Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. O. P. Schellhamer, at the Reformed parsonage, 491 Madison Avenue. The marriage ceremony was unique, the ceremony being performed by the officiating clergyman by means of signs. The ring service was employed. Mrs. Michael Wolf, mother of the bride, was the only attendant. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Boyd left on a honeymoon trip to Baltimore, Washington, and points in Virginia.

There will be a meeting of the Philadelphia, local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish House next Saturday evening, August 19th. Everybody will be welcome. The arrangements of the Convention will be fully explained at this meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin C. Fortescue have just returned from Atlantic City, where they spent two weeks

with the former's sister, who has a large and beautiful cottage at Chelsea in the southern part of the city.

The convention of the P. S. A. D. is barely two weeks ahead. All arrangements have been completed, and a large attendance is expected.

A meeting of the Conference of Church Workers Among the Deaf will be held at the Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, during the session of the P. S. A. D. Convention. The day and hour will be announced later.

Miss Rilla Cossette, of Meriden, Ct., who has been spending several weeks here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Marchman, returned home on Saturday morning, 12th inst. She was loth to leave Philadelphia, having had such an enjoyable visit.

The excursion of the Clerc Literary Association to Riverview Beach, on the Delaware River, was disappointing in attendance. Owing to the quarantine against infantile paralysis, no children were permitted to go on the excursion, thus compelling several families to give up going also. Those who attended the excursion report an enjoyable time.

## CHICAGO.

News items of interest to the deaf of Chicago and vicinity may be addressed to Edwin M. Hazel, 8317 West 84th Street, Cicero, Ill. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Rev. H. Tracey, president of the Louisiana State School for the Deaf, was here a few days last week, the guest of Rev. George Flick. He is a splendid gentleman, and made made many friends during his short stay. He delivered a bright sermon from the pulpit of Rev. Flick's church last Sunday, which we all enjoyed. It is hoped he will come again and stay longer.

N. F. S. D., No. 1, that grand body of grand men, is preparing to hold a record-breaking banquet in honor of its fifteen years of honorable existence as an organization, and also at the same time to befittingly celebrate the brilliant fact that there is in the treasury \$100,000! Some organization for the deaf! It deserves success, applause and love, as one of the very best friends of America's deaf people.

Mr. D. MacDonald's sisters were hurt by a speeding automobile last week, we are told, but hope the hurts are not serious, and that they will speedily recover.

Miss Mollie L. Erbe, of Rochester, N. Y., last week paid a short visit to her friend, Mr. E. Schriver, of Oak Park, a pretty suburb of Chicago. She was on her way to Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boss recently visited his sister in Idaho, and while there took poles and lines and went fishing. This is no "fish story," but they landed forty speckled beauties of the trout variety, from 9 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, after a "fish fry de luxe," and a most pleasant time, they continued on their happy way to Yellowstone Park for a few weeks of sightseeing. Hope they will have a jolly time and come back loaded down with good stories.

A good friend has sent in the following note, for which I return thanks: "Miss Ethel Wickham, who recently spent her vacation in Chicago from her duties as teacher in the Oklahoma School for the Deaf, and who wondrously sang 'Comin' Thru the Rye,' has gotten all Chicago agog now. So beautifully was it rendered that the Pas-a-Pas Club clamor for more. To appease this longing of the members, Mrs. Pardum, president of the Lit, has secured Mrs. Harris, late of Tennessee, but now a resident of Chicago, to enliven the club again on the event of the lectures to be given in the club rooms, August the 26th. Mrs. Harris, though born deaf, and from a long line of deaf-mute heritage, is a very graceful sign maker, and we await with hearty welcome in store for her declamations. One of her subjects, we learn, will be, 'I Love You Better Than You Know.' Others she will not divulge, just yet; but we are of the opinion that she has a grand surprise 'up her sleeve' for the members and their friends who will be present." To which I add, "The Pas-a-Pas Club is right about the job when it comes to bully entertainments and making all feel perfectly at home. A great crowd is confidently looked for on the occasion of the 26th inst.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF  
Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 8325 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.



## PENNSYLVANIA.

### THIRTIETH CONVENTION AND THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF.

MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
AUGUST 24-25-26, 1916.

The Meetings will be held in the Chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, beginning Thursday morning, August 24th, at half past nine o'clock.

The Daily Program will be as follows:

Thursday, August 24—Morning Session, at 9:30 A.M.

1. Introductory Address by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society.
2. Invocation by Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Saints Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia.
3. Addresses of Welcome: A. R. Montgomery, Esq., Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the Institution; Dr. A. L. E. Cronter, Superintendent of the Institution; Mr. Harry E. Stevens, Secretary of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D.
4. Responses by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society; Mr. S. S. Haas, of Shamokin, for the visiting Local Branches, P. S. A. D.
5. Reading of minutes of last meeting of the Society.
6. Annual report of the Board of Managers, P. S. A. D.
7. Appointment of Committees on Enrollment and Business.
8. New Business, if any.
9. Announcements.
10. Addresses by members and others.
11. Adjournment.

Thursday morning.

The Committee has plans in view, but cannot give them at present.

Thursday Evening—Public Meeting at Wissinoming Hall at 8 o'clock. (Thirty-fifth Anniversary Celebration P. S. A. D.) All welcome.

1. Introductory remarks by the President of the Society.
2. Invocation by Rev. F. C. Smielau, Missionary to the deaf of Central and Western Pennsylvania.
3. Appointment of Committee on Resolutions.
4. An Oration by Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.
5. Annual Address by Mr. James S. Reider, President of the Society.
6. Annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm at Doylestown.
7. Addresses by members and others.
8. A collection towards the Special Fund to commemorate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Society. (This fund is to be applied to the Maintenance, Endowment, or Building Fund of the Doylestown Home.)
9. All contribution booklets with the amount of money received thereon, may be handed to the Society's Treasurer, John A. Roach.
10. Announcements.
11. Adjournment.

Friday, August 25—Morning Session, at 9 o'clock.

1. Invocation by Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md.
2. Reports of Committees.
3. Unfinished Business.
4. Appointment of Committee on Nominations.
5. Addresses by Delegates from Local Branches, P. S. A. D.
6. New Business.
7. Papers, if any and Discussions. (All papers to be referred to the Committee on Business for approval.)
8. Addresses by members and others.
9. Announcements.
10. Adjournment.

Friday Afternoon and Evening.

A delightful trolley trip to Doylestown and visit to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. The cost of the round trip is 50 cts. (If Special Cars should be chartered, the rate may be a little higher.) Further particulars will be made at the Convention.

Saturday, August 26—Morning Session, at 9 o'clock.

1. Invocation by Dr. A. L. E. Cronter.
2. Unfinished Business.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Election of four Managers in place of J. S. Reider, C. O. Dantzer, Charles Partington and F. C. Smielau.
5. Review of fifteen minutes (To enable the Board of Managers to elect new officers for the ensuing year.)
6. New Business.
7. Addresses by members and others.
8. Announcements.
9. Closing address by the President of the Society.
10. Adjournment sine die.

Saturday Afternoon.

Interest will center in the sports and contests on the grounds of the Institution. A game of base ball will very likely be arranged between Philadelphia and visiting members of the P. S. A. D. Prizes will likely be awarded. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

Saturday Evening.

A reception with dance and refreshments at Wissinoming Hall, from 8 P.M. to midnight. Refreshments will be served. Tickets, 50 cents.

#### ACCOMMODATIONS.

Only members of the P. S. A. D. (and their wives or husbands as the case may be) will be entertained at the Institution at the rate of \$1 per day—lodgings and three meals. Breakfast and supper, 25 cents each; Lodging, 25 cents; single dinner, 35 cents.

No laundering. The Institution will not be responsible for the delivery of baggage. The delivery of all trunks must be attended to by their owners. Members may arrive at the Institution and have their supper and lodging on Wednesday evening, August 23d.

Members who reside outside of Philadelphia may remain at the Institution until Sunday, August 27th, but they must leave after breakfast. Non-members of the P. S. A. D. must make arrangements to stop at

hotels in Mt. Airy, Chestnut Hill, or in the city. It is earnestly hoped that every person who attends the Convention will make it a point to become a member of the P. S. A. D. All who expect to attend the Convention, will please notify the Secretary, R. Middleton Ziegler, 205 W. Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, as soon as possible. For further information, write to the Chairman.

R. MIDDLETON ZIEGLER,  
Chairman,  
F. A. LEITNER,  
S. S. HAAS,  
Committee on Arrangements.

## BONDS for INVESTMENT

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM  
18 WEST 107TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Every Subway Station in the Borough of Manhattan, Brooklyn and Bronx is a direct entrance to

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TRINITY BUILDING  
111 Broadway.

## NEWARK FRATS' MASK BALL

Saturday, Evening  
Jan. 6, 1917

Particulars later

#### Lutheran Mission

Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.  
ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

#### St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest in Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays at 8 P.M.

Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited.

Minister's address: 3906 Virginia Avenue.

## THREE DAYS' OUTING

under the auspices of

Albany Division, No. 51  
N. F. S. D.

—AT—

SACANDAGA, N. Y.

(THE KEY TO THE ADIRONDACKS)

Saturday, Sunday and Monday  
September 2d to 4th, 1916

Sacandaga, N. Y., offers many advantages to enjoy after your arrival on Saturday and Sunday—trout, pickerel, bass and other fishing; Amusement Park, hill-climbing, fine swimming with toboggan and all kinds of recreation.

An out-of-doors service for the deaf is to be held around the pine trees on Sunday afternoon, at 3:30, for those who wish to attend.

On Monday, the Field Day of Albany Division, No. 51, is to be held on private and ideal grounds, where many games are to be participated in. Prizes will be given to the winners. The admission to the grounds will be 25 cents.

Lodging—A comfortable cottage is to be rented by us as to accommodate those who wish to stay at the park three days. The rates will be \$1.50 per day for one person, including meals. Write the Chairman for reservation now. No reservation unless paid in advance.

Directions to the Park—All stations and boat agents will cheerfully furnish you with the directions, so it will not be necessary for us to give Time Table, etc., but we will prepare a Time Table in our Program Booklet for the departure, so you can arrange your plans there.

Above all, we assure our crowd the best and most enjoyable time. So don't fail to come.

EDWARD KLIER, Chairman,  
309 Vedder Avenue,  
Schenectady, N. Y.

#### COMMITTEE:

RICHARD GEITH JOHN F. KOEPEL JOHN F. LYMAN  
JOHN JOHANNAS FRANK VAN DANBURGH

## GRAND (afternoon and evening) ANNUAL

## Picnic and Games

HELD BY THE

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

AT

ULMER PARK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday, September 2, 1916

Ticket - - - 25 cents

#### ATHLETIC EVENTS.

Baseball game between Brooklyn and Newark Divisions.  
Three mile run open to all deaf-mutes.  
Half a mile walk open to all deaf-mutes.  
One hundred yard run open to Frats only.  
100 yards dash open to deaf-mutes.  
Fifty yard run (ladies.) Free entries.  
Handsome and useful prizes to first and second winners.

F. W. Meinken, Chairman,  
225 West 138th Street  
J. Kelter, Treas. L. Blumenthal, Sec.  
L. Baker R. McVea  
H. Hanneman J. Buckley  
J. Constantin J. Alexander.

DIRECTIONS—Take the West End Line (Subway) at the Municipal Building, and transfer at 29th Street for Ulmer Park.

#### WHAT ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?

Let me show you how and why a policy in the

## NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON

becomes a Practical asset to you and yours in later years. You do not have to "die to win."

I have helped many of the deaf to insure in this old Company at low cost. No charges for medical examination.

THINK IT OVER! and ACT before TOO LATE!

Complete information and list of deaf-mute policy holders on request.

MARCUS L. KENNER

200 WEST 111TH STREET  
New York

#### English Taught by Mail.

Language is Power and Influence. Master it and become more efficient. It increases your opportunities and income, and gives you prestige, precedence and respectful hearing. Neglect it and you are imposed on, snubbed and ignored. Therefore, enlarge your stock of words and phrases. They are the drawing instruments of thought, and the colors that give life to the moving pictures of the imagination. Use the right word or phrase in the right place. Learn how to write tactful, forceful letters. Elicit admiration by your engaging conversation, and enter good society. You CAN DO IT, or WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW.

Meaning of words and phrases explained and illustrated. Incorrect and outdated language expressions corrected, straightened out and GRAMMAR MADE EASY.

Do people often smile when you write or spell? Do you get tangled up in reading and writing? Do some words and phrases that you see a thousand times in print puzzle you, the word "expression," for instance?

Would you rather go ten miles to see a business man to secure a job, and then only to meet his office boy, than write him a two-page letter?

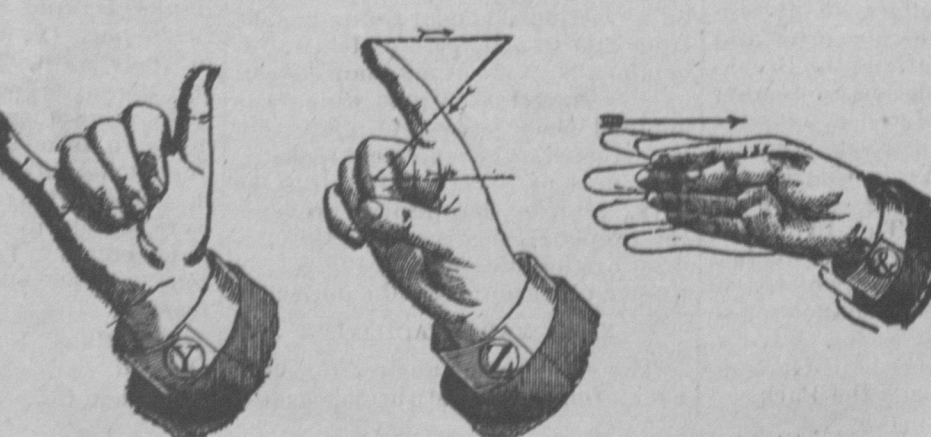
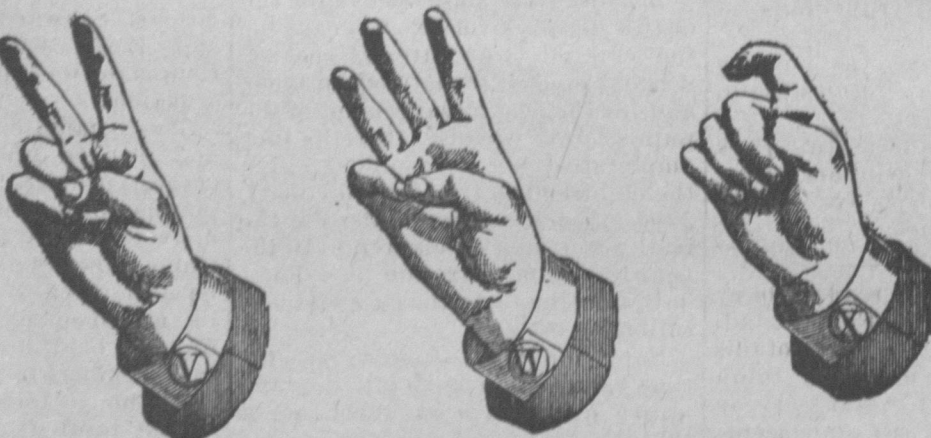
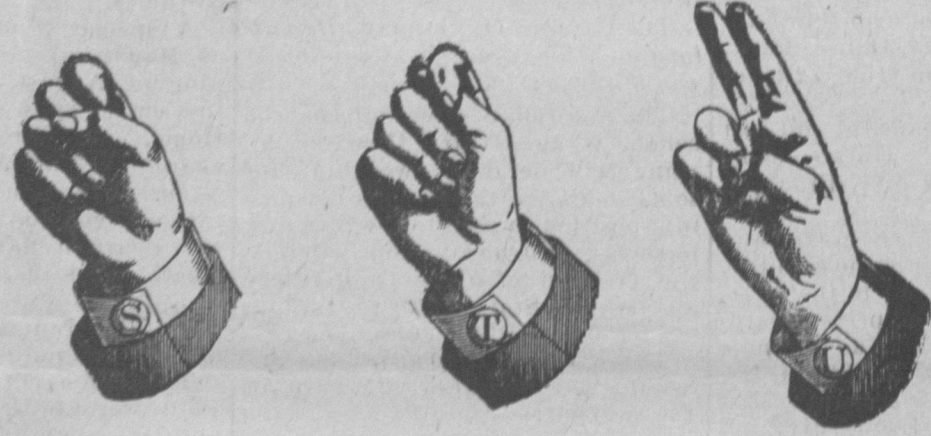
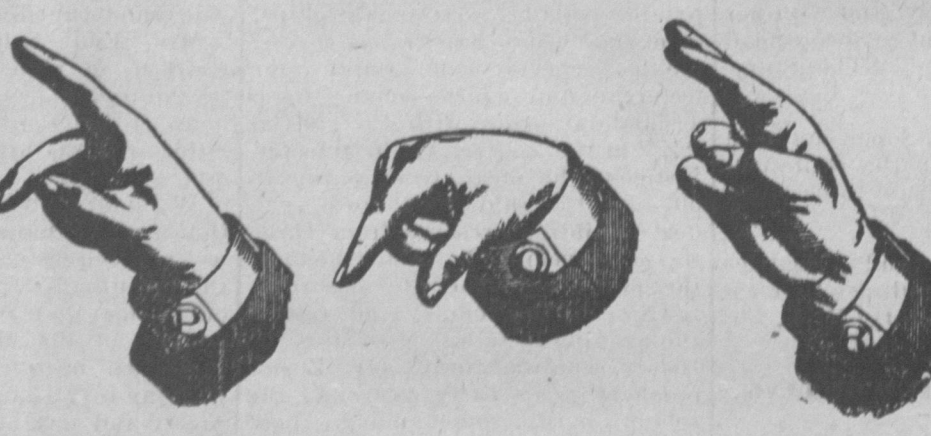
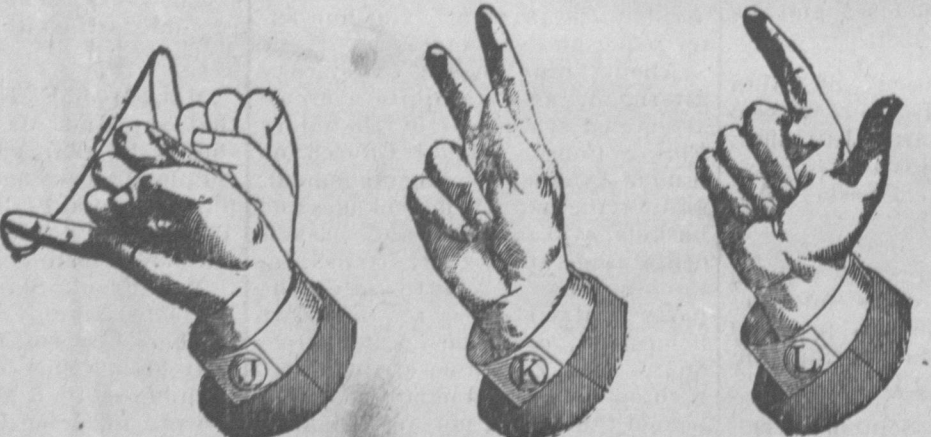
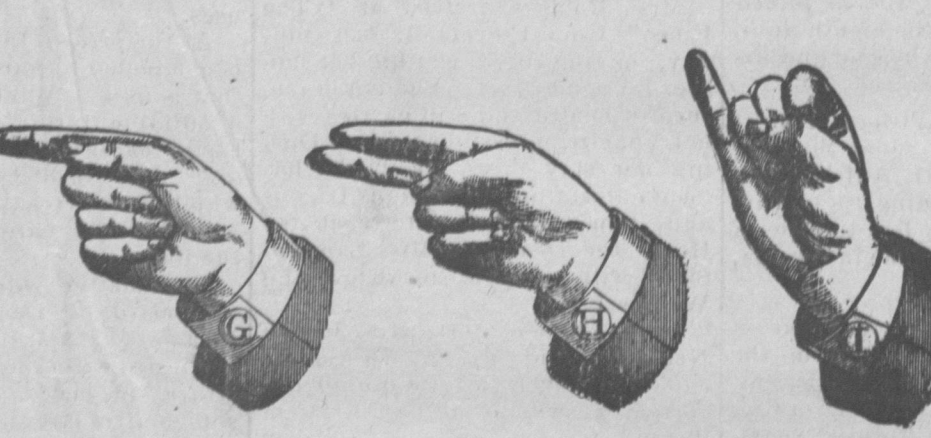
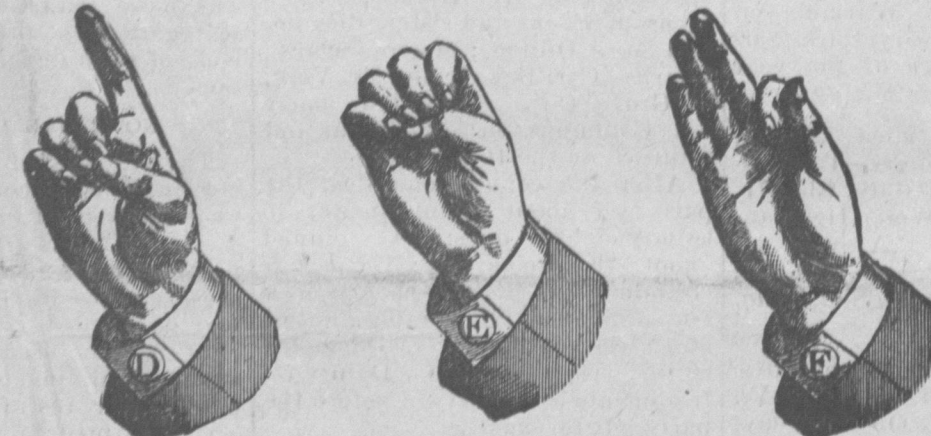
What do you know about colloquialisms? Are you satisfied to sport a diamond pin, a gold chain, and wear the latest styles of good clothes and yet betray your ignorance, or need of better education, by displaying your thoughts and feelings in poor, shabby language?

Or, are you ambitious to shine as a social leader, a correspondent, or as a user of idiomatic English, which is the badge of education, refinement and intellectuality?

Then send self addressed and stamped envelope, and communicate with

JENOME T. ELWELL,  
Experienced Teacher of the Deaf,  
618 N. 28th Street,  
Philadelphia.

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



## NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION.

THE THIRTIETH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION, AT PORTLAND, ME., SEPTEMBER 4TH AND 5TH, 1916.

The meetings will be held in the hall of the Maine School for the Deaf. The Convention will be called to order at 10 A.M., Monday, September 4th.

The order of exercises will be the same as at previous Conventions.

It is expected that the address of welcome will be made by Mayor Wilford G. Chapman. But in case he is unable to be present, he will appoint some member of the City Government.

Rev. J. H. Keiser, of New York City, will deliver the oration.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Reading of paper by Mr. Walter Durian of Hartford, Ct., and another whose name will be announced later.

MONDAY EVENING.

Entertainment by State Managers.

Tuesday forenoon, at 9:30. The 100th anniversary of the founding of the American School for the Deaf, at Hartford, Ct., and the question of uniting the New England Gallaudet Association of the Deaf and the Hartford School Alumni Association, as suggested by Prof. John E. Crane, will be the subjects. It behooves every deaf person throughout New England to be in Portland, Maine, to help discuss these questions. Come one!!! Come all!!!

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Election of officers for next two years. Adjournment.

An outing on Wednesday, the 26th, will be announced at the session.

#### ACCOMMODATIONS.

Preble House (Headquarters). Room and meals, American plan, \$2.50 each per day (two persons in room). \$3.00 each per day (two persons in room with bath).

Hotel Brunswick. \$2.00 each per day (two persons in room, with meals). \$2.00 each per day (one person in room, with meals).

Talman House. Rooms only. 50 cents per night, two in a room. 75 cents per night, one in a room.

New Chase House, rooms only \$1.00 up. Restaurant connected.

Young Women's Christian Association, 120 Free Street. Ladies only. Fifty cents each per night (two ladies in one room). Seventy-five cents each per night (one lady in one room). Meals may be had at the Y. W. C. A. dining room—a la carte!

Deposit covering room rent for one night required.

It is advisable that all intending to come for the Convention should reserve rooms in advance.

The Maine Mission of the Deaf will hold its annual convention, the Saturday and Sunday preceding the N. E. G. A. Sunday services will be announced at the Saturday session.

It is hoped that large crowds will turn out for both convention.

Circulars may be obtained from the State managers as follows: J. F. Flynn, 145 Pine St., Bangor, Me.; Mrs. F. M. Varney, 10 Winter St., Farmington, N. H.; Mr. H. Babbitt, 25 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass.; Miss Nellie Green, 64 Hillwood St., Cranston, R. I.; Miss May Dougherty, Putnam Heights, Putnam Ct.; Mr. Albert Heyer, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; or from the Secretary, FANNIE P. KIMBALL, 20 Gilman Street, Portland, Me.

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## Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N.F.S.D. meets at Imperial Hall, 800 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., second Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, THOMAS J. CONROY, Secretary, 546 Degraw Street, Brooklyn; or JOHN D. SHEA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 78 W. 89th St., New York.